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The Lady In the Case

By Virginia Lella Wentz

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"I think you'll have to retain your knife and fork for several other courses," said the Hon. Joseph Brewster in a matter of fact way. It was during a table d'hôte dinner on a Rhine boat, and he addressed the stranger who at first glance shortly after they had steamed out of Cologne he had decided was a likable fellow.

"Yes, really?" answered the young man. "It's a bit difficult to be sure of one's etiquette on foreign shores."

"Oh, I felt sure you were an American!" cried the elder man delightedly. "And I spoke to you because I was rather homesick for the voice of one of my countrymen today."

Just here there twanged from across the table the voice of a Chicago butcher:

"Like 'em to see I mean business." He winked to nobody in particular and to everybody in general as he poured into the hand of the surprised waiter, interrupted in his duties, a quantity of small change.

The likable stranger looked at Judge Brewster and murmured humorously as he caught the elder man's smile:

"Well, there's another one of our countrymen. One gets a bit ashamed of the species though—eh?"

They went on deck together shortly after they left Coblenz. The younger fellow, whose name was Gale, told stories of the Philippines, where he had been for five years. He had important business in Germany and had come home that way—for the United States was home to him. He had interesting

tales of the Philippine Islands, of the great things that had been done during the American occupation and of the many things that were yet to do. He had something to say of the wealth of virgin material in the country; also he had something to say of the trials and desolation.

Obviously, the judge concluded, this likable chap had experienced the tragedy as well as the comedy of life. It was true he had a good, honest laugh and a certain merry way of saying things, but, also, in repose there was a stern sadness about the mouth as of one who has suffered overmuch. The kindly judge found himself wishing he knew more about him. Perhaps he was hunting for a leader when, as the twilight was coming on, he remarked:

"Strange a man who's as fond of the States as you are should have left them for five years—especially as you don't belong to the army."

"Perhaps 'twas for the comprehensive reason that ninety-nine men out of a hundred do anything—a woman."

"Ah, there was a lady in the case?"

The young fellow's eyes were turned rather gravely toward the grim, gaunt, massive skeleton of departed prowess, heaped high above St. Gaur.

"That's Rheinfels," volunteered the judge. But his companion seemed not to hear.

"You see," he breathed, half to himself, "I loved her too much to stay, so I determined to bury myself somewhere. The Philippines were as good as any other place."

"So she was married, then—that's why you couldn't stay?"

"She was married to a drunken wretch who ought to have been horse-whipped all over the states. He gambled; he raced; he made her life unbearable."

"How hard that must have been for you! And she loved you?"

The judge spoke with genuine sympathy. It was the sort of night which induces confidence—the peaceful river, the little sleepy village, the quiet gliding of the boat.

"Yes, she loved me. It was my knowledge of that which in the end gave me the pluck to tear myself away. Out there in the Philippines I don't suppose there's been an hour in all these five years that I've forgotten it. Why?"—his firm, manly voice broke a little—"If I hadn't remembered that she was still loving me, praying for me, believing in me, life would not have been possible, that's all!"

"Where is she now?" asked the judge at last, breaking a long silence.

"She's at Wiesbaden just at present. She's spending the season there with her younger sister, who's been perfecting herself in music—in Munich. I could tell you tales that would make even a heart of stone love her—tales of her devotion to Rose (that's her little sister), of the sacrifices she has endured, the deprivations she has undergone, in order that Rose might have the very best musical education. Oh, I swear she's a woman in a million!"

The judge noticed—he could not help but notice—that his young friend's deep chest was swelling deeply with unaffected pride, that his eyes were flashing and that a ruddy color had crept into the brown of his chin. "By Jove, he's a handsome chap!" he commented to himself.

Gale consulted his watch.

"Just think," he said as he slipped it into his pocket again, "in a few hours I shall see her! We're due at Bielrich at 8:30, and then Wiesbaden!" He was like a boy in his fresh gladness.

"But," said the judge slowly, trying

to get into the spirit of the thing, "you see, you didn't tell me. Her husband has died, has he, and it's all plain sailing at last?"

"Died?" All the boyishness went out of Gale. The stern sadness about his mouth was plainly perceptible. "No, he hasn't died, and she hasn't got a divorce, but we're going to play at the old, old game of 'pretending.' We're going to pretend that that confounded rake is dead, and we're going to begin our lives afresh."

The judge stroked his chin in a way that meant he was seriously troubled. All the clerks in his offices knew that sign, but it conveyed nothing whatever to Gale.

"Yes, and next month we're going back to the States together. We're—"

"Is that quite fair to the woman, do you think?" broke in the judge quietly. "I dare say she may love you enough to sacrifice herself, only—"

"Love me enough?" repeated Gale enthusiastically. And then more tenderly: "Why, she loves me enough to risk life with me! I, too, am willing now to risk it, although there was a time when I wasn't."

"Love isn't everything, my friend," pursued the judge meditatively. "It isn't everything—not even from the world's point of view. Have you thought, when you're advising her to take this step with you, of what the world will say?"

"Oh, likely enough, the world will call her a fool. But let the world go hang! When two people love each other as much as she and I do I tell you there isn't much else that counts. We are very serious, aren't we? Chance acquaintances should enjoy the fleeting moment. What a lot of people are going to get off at Bingen!"

The meditative look had not left the judge's eyes while Gale had been talking. When he ceased he recalled himself with an effort.

"Beg pardon? Oh, yes, all the Bader people."

The kindly judge had taken such a fancy to Gale that he hated to see him go wrong, and as the dusk deepened thickly he made one final plea.

"I can't forget what you've been telling me about—the lady in the case," said he solemnly. "You see, I am so much older than you are, I've been on in a lower tone of voice, that you can't surely take offense. No? Then I may speak? It's like this: If the woman you love runs off with you, the world isn't going to say she's braving it. Do you realize what a thing you suggest means to a nice woman—that the people she likes won't speak to her; that her friends must be among a set of people who really are what she is only called, and that she's thrown away everything but love for a man?"

"Oh, you don't understand," interrupted Gale.

"—who didn't have love big enough for her to keep her from ruining her life," finished the judge calmly. "Now, of course, if this lady's husband is a brute or doesn't support her, or anything like that, she can leave him and get a divorce in regular order. I'm not in for divorces myself, though perhaps that's a matter of taste. But if she leaves him and runs away with another man?"

"Another man?" echoed Gale amazedly. Then an expression of understanding dawned in his eyes and he burst into a happy, boyish laugh.

The judge stared at him for a moment. This likable chap was incomprehensible after all.

"Don't you see?" Gale began, grasping his arm heartily. "She's not going to run off with any one but her husband, the reformed rake. The lady in the case has been my wife all the time."

A Mistake Somewhere.

The young man who professed that he could read character from handwriting looked attentively at the scrap of a letter which had been given him by a friend and shook his head.

"The woman who wrote that," he said in his most judicial tone, "is undoubtedly possessed of personal attractions and unfortunately too well aware of them, but her character, sir, is weak as water. She lacks determination, consistency, ambition of a high order and originality. Am I not correct in my synopsis & far as you know?"

"M-m, well, you may be," said the other, "for I've never seen the writer. She's the widow of my cousin Jim, in Iowa. When I knew Jim he was an agreeable scapegrace who never stayed in one position or place for more than six months and was always in debt. He married her twelve years ago, settled in a small city, built up a fine business, became mayor last year, just before he died, and has left a life insurance of \$40,000 and an excellent income besides to his widow and four children."

"Some way," he added thoughtfully, as the reader of handwriting sat looking at the scrap of paper with a dazed expression, "I had imagined she might have considerable character, but I dare say you're right."—Youth's Companion.

Intelligence of a Gander.

"There is a neighbor of mine," says one of our readers, "who keeps a big flock of geese, and I recently discussed with him the degree of intelligence possessed by these birds. As an illustration, he told me the following story: That old gander came home alone one morning in a great hurry. He was evidently in great trouble about something. He rushed up to me and bowed several times; then he said something which I could not understand and, wheeling round, waddled off down the path by which he had just arrived. Presently he stopped to see if I was following, and, finding I was not, he came back and repeated the performance. This time I followed, to his manifest satisfaction, and he led me to the pond. On the bank all his geese

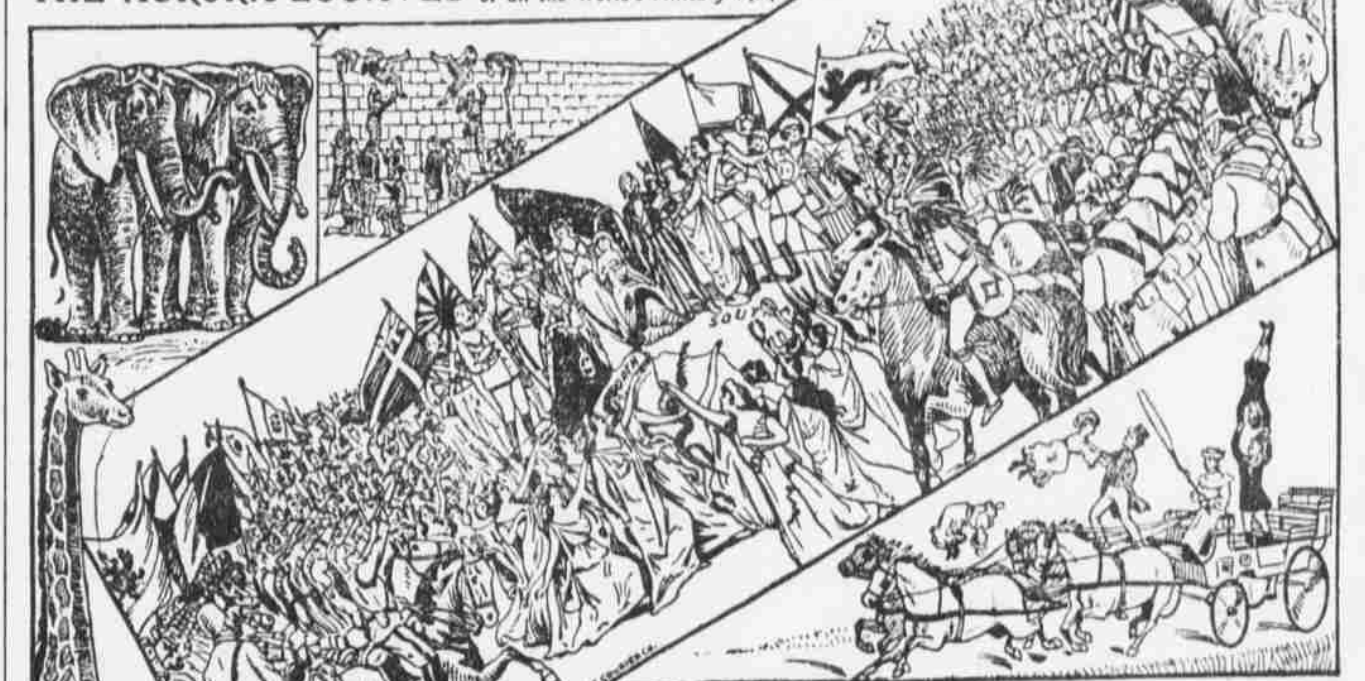
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Mammoth African Huge-Tusked, Giant-Eared Elephants, and Three Big Herds of Wisest Acting Elephants in the Most ASTONISHING SHOW OF ELEPHANT SAGACITY EVER SEEN

Reserved seats and admission tickets can be secured on show day at the Roach Drug Co. at same prices charged on the grounds.

THE GRANDEST LONGEST, RICHEST, MOST GORGEOUS FREE STREET PARADE Every Morning at 10 O'Clock

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Notice.

State of Texas, County of Potter, To the creditors of Wm. A. Northern: You are hereby notified that Wm. A. Northern, of Amarillo, Potter county, Texas on the 1st day of September, A. D., 1905, executed a deed of assignment conveying to the undersigned all of his property for the benefit of such of his creditors as will consent to accept their proportional share of his estate, and discharge him from their respective claims, and that the undersigned accepted said trust and has duly qualified according to law.

All creditors consenting to said assignment must, within four months after the publication of this notice make known to the assignee their consent in writing, and within six months from the date of this notice file their claim, prescribed by law, with the undersigned who resides at Amarillo, Texas, which is also his post office address.

Witness my hand this 14th day of September, A. D. 1905.

P. L. TOWNES.

22 F 3t

To Live Stock Shippers.

It affords me pleasure to announce that this company has again decided to inaugurate double weekly live stock service to the Fort Worth market. Having in view the best interest of our patrons, we decided that their interest would be best served by running one train on Sunday, leaving Amarillo early in the morning and picking up stock for the Fort Worth market, arriving at Fort Worth (barring accidents) Monday morning in ample time to give cattle a chance to get a good fill before going on the scales. The second train will leave Amarillo on Wednesday morning and make Thursday's market.

In order to make these trains a success, and to give the live stock shippers the full benefit thereof, co-operation on their part is necessary.

All shipments for the Fort Worth market should be handled on these trains.

Orders for cars should be placed far enough ahead to give us time to get them to the loading points at least one day before loading, so that bedding may be done and cars placed to the chutes. As much loading as practicable should be done before arrival of train, to save time, which is so important in handling live stock.

The purpose of bringing one train into the Fort Worth market early Monday morning, is to give those wishing to do so a chance to reach the northern markets Wednesday or Thursday, and those reaching the Fort Worth market Thursday morning, to reach the northern markets on Monday, if

the prices at Fort Worth are not satisfactory.

I hope you will lend your influence toward making these trains a success.

Yours Truly,

J. D. Shuford,

General Live Stock Agent,

Fort Worth, Tex., Sept. 8, 1905.

Notice to Shippers.

Amarillo, Texas, Aug. 22nd, 1905. Beginning Saturday, August 26th, and continuing thereafter on every Monday and Saturday up to and including December 23rd, 1905, we will run regular stock trains for Kansas City, St. Joseph and Chicago markets on the following schedule:

lv. Bovina 8:30 a.m. Monday Saturday
lv. Hereford 10:30 " " "
lv. Canyon C 12:00 m. " " "
lv. Amarillo 2:00 p.m. " " "
lv. Washburn 2:40 " " "
lv. Panhandle 3:30 " " "
lv. Panpa 4:50 " " "
lv. Miami 5:50 " " "
lv. Canadian 7:00 " " "
lv. Higgins 8:30 " " "
lv. Shattuck 9:15 " " "
lv. Gage 9:40 " " "
ar. Woodward 11:00 " " "
ar. Wellton 8:00 a.m. " " "

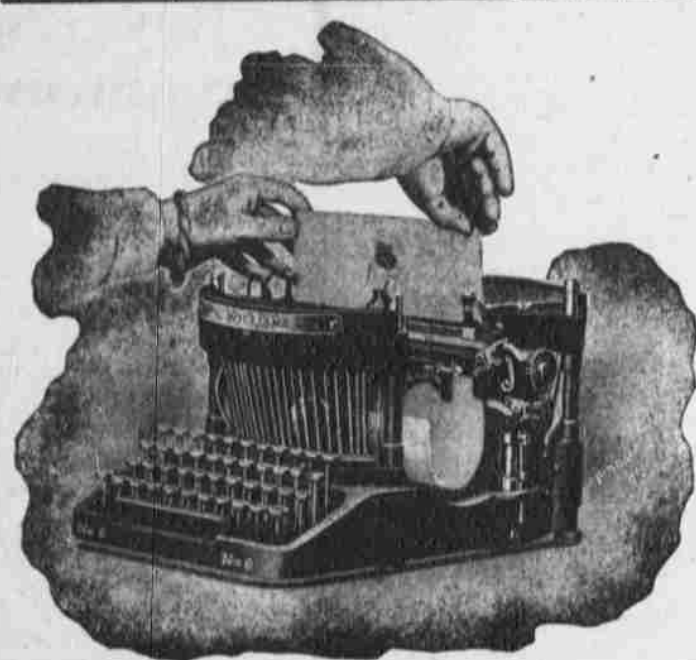
On arrival at Wellington or Emporia shipments that cannot make destination within the 28 hour limit will be unloaded for the required feed, water and rest as provided for by U. S. Government regulations. They will be reloaded in p. m. and reach Kansas City and St. Joseph markets on the following day.

These trains are intended to take care of the small shipments which would otherwise have to be handled on way freight trains, but on account of the necessity of gathering these shipments all along the line we cannot guarantee the above schedule at all times.

We will continue to handle trainload shipments, with proper notice, on any day of the week as suits the shipper. Shippers will file orders for cars at least three days before date on which they intend to load, and longer notice should be given whenever possible.

A. L. CONRAD, Traffic Manager.

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It is an old story how the flock of sheep will follow the first sheep, no matter what trouble it gets them into.

Don't be a sheep when buying a typewriter—there is too much money involved in it.

Just because the other fellow insists on buying an up-side down machine, that uses a dirty ribbon, requiring a lift of the cylinder to see the line, and as many gumcracks about it as a dynamo, don't you do it.

There is just one typewriter built on wholly practical lines—the Williams No. 6.

The writing is in sight all the time, there is no ribbon, the most complicated tabular work is done as easily as straight matter, it prints like a press and lasts longer than any machine made, while it is so simple a beginner will understand it in a very few minutes.

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